

THE HOOF-MARK ON THE WALL.

A German Legend.

If you visit the Castle of Nuremburg, in South Germany, you are certain to be shown a mark, said to be that of a horse's hoof, on the top of the outer wall; and the following story will be told to you, to account for its presence:

Some four hundred years ago, there was constant war between the Count of Gailingen and the Citizens of Nuremburg, and after numerous encounters, the Count had at last the misfortune to fall into the hands of his enemies, and was at once imprisoned in one of the gloomy dungeons of Nuremburg Castle.

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow, for, on the meeting of the magistrates, the young Count was sentenced to be beheaded, and the sentence was to be carried out on the following day.

First of all, however, according to an old Nuremburg custom, the condemned man was allowed to have a last request granted—whatever that request might be.

"Let me," said the Count, "once more mount my faithful charger and ride him around the courtyard of the castle."

No sooner said than done! The beautiful black steed, that had so often carried his master to victory, was saddled and horse and master met once more under open sky.

The Count patted the horse's arched neck, and leaped into the saddle; the horse began to prance and kick up his heels as he had been taught to do. This made such a dust that the attendants were glad to shelter themselves in the guard room.

"Let the Count enjoy himself; it is his last chance," said the jailers. "Our walls are too high for escape, and we can take things easily."

So they troubled themselves but little over either horse or rider, and the Count felt that now or never was his chance.

The walls were very high, and beyond them was a wide ditch, so that his jailers were right in thinking escape impossible. Yet "impossible" is an unknown word to some men, and the Count was one of these.

He bent down carelessly over his horse's mane, and whispered some words in his ear. Whether the good beast really understood or not can not be said, but the next minute there was a rapid gallop across the courtyard. The Count dug his spurs deeply into the sides of his steed and the latter, with a supreme effort, bounded up, and reached the wide brim of the castle wall. An instant's pause and he had leaped the wide ditch, and in a few seconds more both horse and rider were out of reach of all pursuers.

This story must be true, say the Nuremburg people, for there is the hoof-mark—the print of the horse-shoe on the wall to this day.—Ex.

Our Wee Little Ones

LEARN TO RIDE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy five years old. I have a little water spaniel dog and a calf. I am going to learn to ride my calf when I am older. I do not go to school, but want too. I go to Sunday school. My teacher is Miss Susie Speer.

Your little friend,

William Edward Clinkscales.
Abbeville, S. C.

WON A PRIZE.

Dear Presbyterian: As I have never written to you before will write now. I am a little boy eight years old. My teacher is Miss Virginia Mooney, from Nashville, Tenn. I won a prize in spelling. I am in the second grade, but will be in the third next year. I go to Sunday school and Miss Susie Speer is my teacher.

Your unknown friend,

John Thompson Clinkscales.
Abbeville, S. C.

THE FIRST LETTER.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl. I thought I would write you to let you know I am living. I see all of the other little boys and girls' letters in the paper, so thought I would write one. I have a little brother, named William. My Sunday school teacher is Mrs. F. J. Ball and I like her fine. Please print my letter.

Your little friend,

Alice Keene Briggs.
Athens, Ga.

A CHILD'S WISH.

If those children were just like the angels above,

They must have been gentle and pure,
Pleasant and happy and full of love—
Oh, they were sweet, I am sure!

I wish I could keep being good every day,

And not a bit naughty be,
So if Christ were here with us he could say,

The angels were just like me!

BEAUTIFUL HELPING.

In one of George MacDonald's books, little Gerard is a beautiful invalid boy. One day, as he sat in the window delighting himself with the sight of a lovely sunset, he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, how I would like to help God paint the sky!"

"My darling," said his mother, as she clasped him to her heart, "you are helping God paint the sky, for you make the sky of my life very, very bright."

Then was little Gerard glad in his heart.

Little children may put many a touch of rosy sunset into the sky that overhangs their homes. Every pleasant smile, every gentle word, every cheerful deed, is a stroke of the brush that adds beautiful colors to the home-skies, and so makes life every day sweeter. This is helping God paint the sky.

TWO WHITE RABBITS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy, ten years old. I have a little sister four years old, and love her very much. I have two white rabbits for pets. My papa has just subscribed for the "Presbyterian" and I have seen only one copy. I read everything on the Children's Page and like it very much.

Your little friend,

Malcolm D. Williamson.
Taliadega, Ala.

A MOUNTAIN FRIEND.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I have a brother and sister. We all go to Sunday school. Brother and I go to school every day. Our church is going to have an egg hunt this week. My brother has a dog and I a cat for pets. Our town has about three thousand people and is situated between two large mountains, and is about twenty-three hundred feet above the sea. The water comes from the mountains and is so pure and clear. We have five railroads, so you see we have plenty of trains. There are several coal mines here and the coke ovens are pretty at night. Mother takes the "Presbyterian," and likes it very much. Our pastor is Mr. Lacy. Hope to see this letter in print.

Your little mountain friend,

Gladys Smith.
Norton, Va.